Volume LXI CHICAGO, APRIL 9, 1908 Number 6

UNITY

Freedom, Fellowship and Character in Religion

Official Organ of the Congress of Religion

A Suggestion for Easter

LOVE AND LOYALTY

By JENKIN LLOYD JONES

PRESS OPINION

We have read it with delight. Whether judged by the standard of thought or style, it is a classic of its kind. —*Westminster Review* (Philadelphia).

The great glowing soul of Mr. Jones is felt on almost every page. Free lance though he is theologically, he knows how to present the Christian life to young people winningly and to show them how it touches every detail of their daily behavior.—*Congregationalist.*

His gospel is hearty, wholesome and practical; his spirit is catholic, humane and inspiring. The temper of the book, like the temperament of the man, is bravely optimistic, with hardly a touch of pensiveness.—*The Record-Herald* (Chicago).

They are sermons to inspire pure living and high thinking, and Christian teachers, even Baptists "in their little shell," will find in them many admirable thoughts and illustrations for the encouragement of youth.—*The Watchman* (Boston, Mass.).

CONTENTS

EDITORIAL—
Notes 83
The New Profanity—JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER 84
THE PULPIT—
David Swing, Poet-Preacher—REV. JOSEPH NEWTON .. 86
The Hereafter—STEPHEN MARION WATSON 89
Training Arbutus—*Charlotte Chittenden* 89
Story of Dante's Divine Comedy—W. C. GANNETT 90
CORRESPONDENCE—
The Calvin-Servetus Incident—CHARLES W. WENDTE .. 91
On Becoming Superfluous—*Charles Frederick Goss, D. D* 92
THE WATCH TOWER—P. S. W. 93
The May Flower—*Emily Dickinson* 93
THE HOME—
Helps to High Living—*Emerson* 94
A Night Etching—*Clinton Scollard* 94
The Water Garden—*Elizabeth Flint Wade* 94
THE FIELD—
Foreign Notes—M. E. H. 95

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UNITY

"HE HATH MADE OF ONE ALL NATIONS OF MEN."

VOLUME LXI THURSDAY, APRIL 9, 1908 NUMBER 6

They are grand old men whose faces hang on my study wall.
I have done with the old Grecian manly beauty—the flawless marble face, unscarred by thought or struggle or experience.
I want the new tragic beauty of countenance that tells of the conflicts and triumphs of life;
The palimpsest on which we may decipher all that is best in human history;
The beautiful lines and curves laboriously wrought by persevering love;
The face on which great souls have been trying for years to stamp themselves, and which grow more beautiful to the end—
Such are the faces of my grand old men.

—Walt Whitman.

Next Sunday our senior editor will be gladly welcomed back from the western coast and will occupy his pulpit again. Mr. Jones will speak on General Grant and in recognition of Appomattox Memorial Day.

Never in the history of American politics has there been such a general and tremendous anti-saloon upheaval as at the present time. In various towns and cities of Illinois and Wisconsin there are street parades, public meetings, ringing denunciations from pulpits of all denominations, that have deeply impressed all classes. The saloonkeepers in many cities have hired all the livery rigs available not only to bring their own voters but to prevent them being used by the other side. There is no question about it, the open saloon is doomed, in all but the larger cities and perhaps even there in the near future.

All Souls Church, Chicago, has always been open to all members of the colored race, and Abraham Lincoln Centre has never failed to emulate the example of our martyr president, but it is a peculiar honor to welcome the greatest living leader of his race, Hon. Booker T. Washington, to Lincoln Centre. Last Sunday morning Dr. Washington spoke, as only he can, to an audience that filled every seat in the spacious auditorium; standing room was at a premium and it became necessary to lock the doors and turn hundreds away. We attempt no report of the magnificent address, but we bid our friend God-speed in his great work for a really great race.

The coming of William H. Taft to Chicago served to emphasize the possibilities of the present campaign and to arouse considerable enthusiasm for the genial Secretary. As a thinker and orator, Mr. Bryan probably makes the better impression on an audience, particularly if of the class interested in ethical problems, though business men are said to be more deeply impressed with the sanity, sagacity and reliability of the Republican leader. With Governor Johnson of Minnesota and Governor Hughes of New York both gaining in popular favor, the question of nominees would be very doubtful if we had a direct primary, but, unfortunately, neither the nomination nor the ultimate election will necessarily depend on a popular vote. It is still as true as it is trite that democracy has not yet been tried in America.

One of the good things in the April *Atlantic Monthly* is an article by Prof. G. H. Gilbert, formerly of Chicago Theological Seminary, on "Ideal Religion." The following quotation will inspire our readers to look up this article if they have not already seen it:

"What we style denominationalism is thus kept out of sight. It is not allowed to divide men in their worship of God. It does not advertise itself by building six churches where only one is needed, or by maintaining theological schools where an equipment adequate for the training of five hundred students is squandered on fifty. . . . It may be that if another Thomas More were to dream today of an ideal state, he would see the family invested with even larger significance for worship than it had in the old Utopia. He might indeed see the opposite of what we now behold, when the home is being emptied of its religious character and the church is largely regarded as the sole channel of worship. It might appear to him in his dream that the holiest place in the community was not that where the Gospel was officially proclaimed, but rather that where parents and children welcomed each new day with a glad hymn of praise, and in the evening twilight blended their voices in thanksgiving to God."

Before this issue of UNITY reaches its readers, the political campaign in Chicago will have found issue at the ballot box, and either the present alderman of UNITY's ward and the secretary of the local Taft Club will have been re-elected by partisan politics, or the local Republican forces will have met undeserved good fortune in defeat. The utter inefficiency of Mr. McCoid, aside from any other unfitness, ought to defeat him as certainly as it will alienate the better class of voters in this strongly Republican ward. Probably partisanship will have won again, but a temporary victory will prove an ultimate defeat for these leaders who have consistently ignored the demands of non-partisan good government. This will be all the more regretted because in many ways some splendid work has been done in recent years by these same leaders. It

seems clear that the only abiding salvation for a political boss is unconditional extinction.

Two very suggestive articles have recently come to our attention concerning Woman's Suffrage, both of which are on a much higher plane than the mass of arguments usually heard. One is an editorial in the *Saturday Evening Post,* which is not so much a statement of the time honored arguments for Woman's Rights as it is a keen and merciless expose of the absurd arguments made against the giving of this large number of taxpayers and working citizens a voice in the solution of public problems in which they are so vitally interested. The *Post* reminds us of the number of women who are in active commercial service today and asks where are the sturdy oaks for these clinging vines? Either the simile is hopelessly wrong or the male portion of humanity has very largely failed of its mission, or else both things are true and some reformation is needed. Along the same line we quote briefly from a very readable article by Jane Addams in the April *Woman's Home Companion.*

"But if, both for their own sakes and for the good of the republic, women of property and women of education should be enfranchised, far more is the power of the ballot needed by the working woman, whose stake in the country is represented by her life, her health, her virtue and the safety and happiness of her children. The ballot is not demanded for her because she is good or wise, or because she will make no mistakes in its use. Neither goodness nor wisdom is the sole possession of one class, and freedom from mistakes is the privilege of none. Working women need the ballot because they must possess some control over the conditions of their lives and those of their children; and, in this twentieth-century world, the ballot box offers the only channel through which they can give expression to such legitimate control."

The recent attempt of some very estimable and worthy gentlemen in England—who are old enough and seemingly wise enough to know better—to put forth an authoritative statement of what Christianity is, has earned its well deserved failure. This last attempt to write a creed for Christendom was inspired by the opposition to Rev. R. J. Campbell and the desire to demonstrate his unworthiness to represent Christianity. A good statement of the results is made by the *Congregationalist* as follows:

"Critics of the creed put forth by twenty leading English Congregationalists in defense of orthodoxy, lately published in our columns, point out the omission from it of many of the distinctive tenets for which orthodox Christians have heretofore contended. Several writers in the *Christian Commonwealth* comment on the silence of this creed concerning doctrines of the Fall, the Trinity, the Atonement by substitution of Christ's suffering instead of the punishment of sinners, the verbal inspiration of the Bible, the acceptance of it as the only sufficient rule of faith and practice, the physical resurrection of Jesus, his second coming, "the resurrection of the body," and eternal punishment. These critics, several of whom are well-known Congregational ministers, also scrutinize the positive affirmations of the creed with scant favor. As compared with Westminster Shorter Catechism, for two centuries acknowledged as 'for substance of doctrine' representing the belief of Congregationalists both in England and America, this latest formal statement discloses a wide difference of opinion in different periods as to what is 'the faith once for all delivered to the saints.' The inclusive criticism made on it, in terms not exactly brotherly, is that it lacks both sympathy and life. Here is a specimen comment: 'It is form without substance. It can no more draw forth "the sincere milk of the word," still less the milk of human kindness, than the stuffed calf-skin could draw the milk of the cow.' It cannot be said that this discussion indicates a revival of religion, but there is no mistaking the evidence in British religious papers of a revived and growingly intense interest in doctrinal theology."

The new building of the United Religious Press is well under way, just one block south of Abraham Lincoln Centre, and represents a movement in which UNITY takes great interest both from a commercial and an ethical standpoint. As to the former, it seems very clear that several great denominations can work together much more economically in one business establishment with one advertising department, one subscription manager, one contract for paper and printing, and even one contract for contributions of general religious interest for all the papers. Ethically, also, it is just what UNITY and the Congress has contended for all these years. Neither religion nor literature, ethics nor aesthetics, neither the home, the school nor the state is denominational in any sense, though many leading articles on these great topics may be denominational in form or character. Right of individual opinion there must be, and will be, in each denomination, but the principle of this new arrangement is sane and rational. The enterprise surely deserves to succeed; we hope it will. Already four of the larger denominational weeklies, including the Baptist, the Congregational, the Disciples and United Presbyterian, have joined the movement, and the Press will also publish about one hundred and forty local church papers representing six different denominations. It is expected that UNITY as well as other similar papers will be printed at this centre of non-sectarian religious interest. The organization is the work of Mr. O. S. Bowman, for the past ten years the head of the Home Publishing Company, who is both a practical printer, a mechanical genius, and a pathfinder for the religious press. The secretary of the Congress of Religion is one of the directors of the new company and believes it has a large field of usefulness ahead of it.

The New Profanity

The swift desecration of every landscape in our country by liquor advertisements during the last few years is a serious menace to all the precious interests of civilization. The evil is appalling, and it is on the increase. It is the "new profanity" which is far more offensive and more harmful than the vulgar habit of swearing.

The human side of the command in the Decalogue—"Thou shalt not take the name of the Lord thy God in vain"—is this: "Thou shalt not profane the works of God, much less the sons of God." To blight the life of a child of God by encouraging intemperance is worse than to take the name of God in vain, because deeds go deeper than words; because drunkenness dishonors God more than idle speech. To plaster fields and buildings with lying praises of intoxicants; to bombard the sensitive minds of women and children with false and odious glorifications of drinks that turn

men into brutes; and to put to foul uses the pictures of beautiful women: What greater *profanity* can curse the world?

To what an alarming extent this profanation has gone. If we open a copy of many of our leading newspapers, the wonderful merits of some new brand of whisky, beer, or wine are paraded before us in letters six inches long. If we look upward to the blue sky, the great billboards on the housetops, proclaiming the virtues of some liquor, shut out the glories of the horizon. If we turn the pages of many a magazine, we see between notices of books and schools, the picture of brewery or of distillery. If we lift our eyes to heaven we often behold the church steeple framed in liquor signs. If we enter a trolley car, there too the lurid appeals to man's lowest appetite are blazoned forth. If we take the wings of the morning and go to the quiet countryside, even there on cliff or stable the "traffic" has put its defacing sign-manual of disease and death! What is all this but the worst form of profanity?

Who has not felt bruised and wounded by the pictorial lies in commendation of intoxicating drinks that confront us wherever we turn? A picture representing whisky as a life-preserver, when in fact it is the greatest life-destroyer. A picture of some bottled drink represented as the giver of joy, when in fact it produces immeasurable sorrows; and on the whole, a hundred heartaches to a single transient pleasure. A picture of an athlete with implication that strength comes from use of liquors, when in fact the winners in the stadium are restricted to total abstinence. A picture of a sturdy workman made as attractive as possible to commend the product of some particular brewery, when in fact our great captains of industry put their workmen under bonds not to drink. A picture of a young man at his study table with bottles among his books to tempt students into the use of stimulants, when in fact the teacher can always mark the beginning of dissipation by the poorer recitation. A picture of the happy home with a well filled sideboard from which the beautiful daughter is carrying the full glasses to all its members, when in fact a million homes in our land are in tears from the drink habit! What is all this deadly misrepresentation of life, devised simply to increase "trade," but the very worst form of profanity!

Has anyone a right to make the beautiful landscape swear at us by strewing it with glaring and offensive signs of whisky and beer? Has anyone a right to cover the fields with "liquor-lies" that pervert and corrupt the minds of innocent children? Has anyone a right to parade before a *Christian* community by seductive but deceptive pictures the wares of a "trade" that does little more than fill jails, asylums, poorhouses, and pauper-graves? What a prostitution of art; what a degradation of life!

Some day a sleeping conscience will awake and people will not allow their property to be so profaned. Some day the lovers of children will rise up in righteous wrath and insist that this iniquity shall cease. Some day public opinion will compel our lawmakers to enact and our officials to enforce statutes prohibiting this form of profanity.

To the protest of the "traffic," which indignantly asserts its right to advertise its business as it sees fit, only this need be said: This *liquor-traffic* does not, from its inherent character, have the rights of other forms of business. The radical difference between saloon and shop; between meat and whisky, makes a radical difference in treatment absolutely necessary. The shop that serves the real needs of men surely has rights that do not belong to the saloon, which wastes men's earnings, ruins human lives, and burdens the state with lunatics, criminals, and paupers.

What unseemly and disgraceful act—to snatch from our oldest and most prominent university its fair and honored name and fix it to the product of a certain brewery and then broadcast its billboards over every field and hillside in New England! What inexcusable profanation—to use the divine figure of some beautiful woman to commend to the world a brand of whisky, the drinking of which by husband, son or father, burdens women with more miseries than spring from all other evils in life! Is there even a single drunkard who would like to have the picture of his mother, wife or daughter to be so used? What an outrage upon the holiest being on earth!

All our teachers are emphasizing the importance and the influence of environment upon human life in general, but especially upon child-life. Therefore, how unwise and unfortunate to permit a nefarious "trade" to corrupt and pervert our environments by making it impossible for our children to take a walk or a ride, to open magazine or newspaper, to look at buildings or hillsides without coming face to face with this "New Profanity"!

Bad as ordinary "curse-words" are, what are they in comparison with the profanities that the liquor traffic spreads round our homes, so that from the rising to the setting of the sun our families are never free from these pictorial lies in praise of some form of malt or spirituous drinks!

Vulgar as common swearing is, how small an evil it is, in comparison with the vulgarizing influence of an environment overspread and polluted with advertisements designed to increase the use of that which corrupts morals and destroys human life!

Repulsive as coarse oaths are, what are they, in comparison with the desecration of womanhood by brewers and distillers who use the human form divine to popularize a liquor, the drinking of which leads men to poverty and disease, overwhelms men in shame and misery, and prompts men to rob and to murder!

Horrible as is the sin of blasphemy, the soul uplifted in anger against God, how small this sin, in comparison with the emblazonry of hell which everywhere affronts the eye of the Christian today: every charm of color, figure, and phrase adroitly used to tempt people to a larger use of liquors, carrying in this way a swifter ruin to the lives of the Sons of God! The greater blasphemy surely lies, not in angry words that dishonor God, but in the selfish traffic that corrupts and destroys his child!

Must we forever allow the "traffic" that ruins thousands of homes every year, to continue to profane the queen of the home by using her divine figure to advertise the merits of its wares?

Must we forever be offended and lacerated in spirit by a landscape desecrated by lying billboards that appeal to man's lowest instincts?

Must we forever submit to the humiliation of having our children constantly confronted with the alluring but false statements that this poisonous "stuff" is the *staff* of life?

Must we forever blush as we walk the streets, seeing, as we are compelled to see, the pictorial profanities of a business that fattens on the miseries of mankind?

Christian hearts, heavily burdened with a consciousness of these woes, may well cry out: How long, Oh Lord, how long? JOSEPH HENRY CROOKER.

THE PULPIT

David Swing, Poet-Preacher

BY REV. JOSEPH NEWTON.

CHAPTER V.

THE HERESY TRIAL.

The appearance of "Truths for To-day" was a signal for a renewed attack on Prof. Swing by Dr. Patton, and this time it was more than a skirmish. The book furnished, as Dr. Patton thought, many examples of loose and dangerous thinking, and revealed a mind moving away from the authorized standards of the church. Charges of heresy were therefore filed against Swing with the Chicago Presbytery, in April of 1874. The die was now cast, the issue drawn, and there was nothing for it but a fight to the end.

There were two principal charges: first, that David Swing had not been "zealous and faithful in maintaining the truths of the gospel," nor "diligent in the exercise of the duties of his office as a minister"; and second, that he "does not sincerely receive and adopt the Confession of Faith of this church as containing the system of doctrine taught in the Holy Scriptures." Not only his public ministry was thus impeached, but his private faith and motives. The first charge was supported by twenty-four specifications, drawn from his writings and actions; the second by four. The specifications were ingeniously arranged, with many repetitions, so as to make a formidable list.

It was charged, for instance, that in sundry sermons printed in *The Chicago Pulpit,* in *The Alliance,* and in the volume entitled "Truths for To-day," Prof. Swing had used language so vague as to lead many to think that he took Unitarian ground on the Trinity, Salvation by Works, Eternal Punishment, the Person of Christ, the Personality of the Holy Spirit, Depravity, and the Inspiration of the Old Testament. That in private interviews, and by letter, he had confessed to Robert Laird Collier and Minot Savage, prominent Unitarian ministers, that he was in substantial accord with them. That he had gone so far as to lecture for the benefit of charity in a Unitarian chapel, thereby showing favor to error. That he had said that Chicago Theology must be "a mode of virtue" and not a "jumble of doctrines." That he had denied, by insinuation, the dogmas of Predestination, the Vicarious Atonement, Justification by Faith alone, and, indeed, all the "Five Points of Calvinism." That he had spoken disparagingly of the special, miraculous call of men to the Christian ministry, by saying that ministers have no monopoly of calls. That he had intimated, if not affirmed, that it would be more tolerable for Socrates and Penelope in the day of judgment than for Catherine II., of Russia. That he had asserted that unbelievers are damned not by divine fiat, but by natural law. That he did not know where heaven or hell was, and had been mystifying in his references to those places. That he was a follower of Sabellius, thereby advocating a Modal Trinity. That he used the words *repentance, conversion, Divine, salvation, justification,* in ambigious and unwarranted ways. That he had spoken too kindly of John Stuart Mill, "the well-known Atheist," holding him up as an example instead of consigning him to future, endless torment. He actually produced "the impression," said Dr. Patton, "that it was not such a bad thing to be a John Stuart Mill after all."

As grounds for procedure against a highly gifted and influential preacher, these charges were incredibly trivial. Swing was widely known and greatly beloved in Chicago. Many of his sermons were public tracts carrying home to the young the principles of citizenship, character and social welfare. His preaching was, indeed, liable to misconstruction in the matter of theology, owing to his habit of treating one truth, even one facet of a truth, at a time, instead of conning a system of theology in each sermon. Nor is it strange that when his words were seen in cold type, the persuasive religiousness of the preacher withdrawn, they seemed to an exact and exacting theologian to be the words of a man masquerading under false colors. But his sermons had a vital quality all their own, and they could not fail to suggest to ministers a new method of evangelism, and a great enrichment of powers. Many who could not follow him in all his ideas rejoiced that he was reaching a multitude who had been estranged from all other pulpits. It was, therefore, a matter of regret that his ministry should be marred in any way.

The feeling in the city against Dr. Patton was intense and widespread. The papers were full of open letters taking one side or the other, but the majority were with Prof. Swing. As an example, one writer said: "When some soul kindled into beatific vision, proclaims his revelation for the comfort of his fellows, what a sight for gods and men is that, when some starved, prosaic dogmatist puts his finger on the letter of the creed, and demands an inquisition for heresy. It requires neither insight nor industry to seat yourself upon a dogma and swear that you will never know anything more than you now know and that no one else shall, if you can help it." A brother minister—Dr. Powers, of St. John's church—wrote of Swing: "It is just as absurd to criticise Prof. Swing for not writing in the Pattonian vein, as to complain of a meadow-lark for not being a hand-organ, or a clear, free, mountain streamlet, singing among ferns and mosses, for not sounding like a coffee-mill." One of the papers had a cartoon in which Swing was seen meekly bound to a stake, the fagots piled about his feet. Nearby stood Dr. Patton, all robed and bespectacled, holding in one hand a torch and in the other a scroll on which was written, in large letters, "INFANT DAMNATION," and signed "Calvin Patton." In the background were seen two long-bearded, bald-headed, sour-faced personages, one of whom had a pitchfork with "five points," but the "points" were either broken, battered or twisted. As the artist saw it, Swing had to accept the hideous dogma or suffer his fate.

Somewhat apart stood *The Catholic Vindicator,* looking down upon the scene and quite unable to repress its laughter. At last it bubbled over:—"Prof. Swing is one of the modern class of Presbyterian divines who possesses a long-legged intellect that scorns the flimsy obstructions of sectarian dogmatism, and nimbly glides over hobnailed orthodox fences to browse in the pastures of any sect containing fodder congenial to his epicurean taste. Dr. Patton is a straight-laced, perpendicular-faced brother who has planted himself within the Presbyterian enclosure, and insists that the walls are perfectly air-tight, in face of a breach large enough to permit the passage of a tourist-elephant with baggage."

So it went, the tension of public feeling tightening the while. To his foes Swing was a traitor in the church, a Presbyterian under false pretenses, and they even charged him with that ultimate vulgarity of "taking pay" for preaching one thing and then preaching another. For one so delicately sensitive, so transparently honorable, as Swing was, a thrust of that kind was a deep stab. One of the church papers—*The Ob-*

server, I believe—in an article matchless for the bitterness of its withering scorn, classed him "with Josh Billings, Mark Twain, and other clowns." In Chicago the general feeling was that motives of personal ambition mingled in Dr. Patton with the evidently earnest desire to rescue the faith once delivered to the saints of Westminster. He was a young man, a new comer in the city, and the temptation to win his first spurs in the West was, doubtless, great. His manner was exasperating in the extreme, whereupon Mr. Medill, of the *Tribune,* lectured him rather sharply.

For all that, it must be said that, technically, Dr. Patton was right. Ill-advised as his attack was, and somewhat ill-mannered, it was in behalf of the strict standards of his church. He held, and rightly so, that the church had and must have a creed, and until that creed was revised it should be maintained. To him the sermons of Prof. Swing seemed the language of skepticism, as always does to a man of his type the large and flowing thought of a poet. He therefore persisted in his self-appointed task of prosecution. Called at last to account, Swing entered a plea of "Not Guilty," and submitted a paper defining his position and defending himself from the charges. His defense was a model of clear, concise statement, and of Christian courtesy, in which he took account (1) of his relations to the liberal churches, and (2) of his place in the Presbyterian church. His statement may be summarized thus:

"There is no valuable theory of life except that of good-will toward all men. It is only on a basis of wide friendship that one can live well the few years of this existence, and hence to decline to lecture for the benefit of a Unitarian chapel would do more harm to the mutual good-will upon which society is founded than it would do good to an orthodox theology, or harm to a liberal creed. If the object of the evangelical pulpit is to promulge its better truth, it can do so only so far as its ministry reveal a deep friendship toward all mankind. The sin of the lecture, as charged, must be based upon the assumption that the Unitarian sects are outcasts from God, having no hope in the life to come. The names of Channing, and Elliott, and Peabody, in the pulpits of that sect, . . . utterly exclude from my mind the most remote idea that I am offering indirect approval to persons outside the pale of the Christian religion and hope. . . . They each and all know that I differ widely from them, but they and I know that only the most gentlemanly treatment in public and private will we all receive always from each other. Much as I love Presbyterianism—a love inherited from my ancestors—if, on account of it, it were necessary to abate in the least my good-will toward all sects, I should refuse to purchase the Presbyterian name at so dear a price.

"A creed is only the highest wisdom of a particular time and place. As in states, there is always a quiet slipping away from old laws without any waiting for a formal repeal, as some of the old statutes of Connecticut are lying dead, not by any legal death, but by long emaciation and final neglect of friend and foe; so in all formulated creeds, Catholic or Protestant, there is a gradual, but constant, decay of some article or word which was once promulgated amid great pomp and circumstance. And yet no church is willing to confess its past folly and repeal the injurious or untrue. All simply agree to remain silent. . . . Meanwhile individual minds cannot be slaves; they cannot suspend the use of their best judgment and common sense. Hence, unable to revoke a dangerous idea or law, the Presbyterian church permits its clergy to distinguish the *actual* from the church *historic.* To the Presbyterian church *actual* I have thus far devoted my life.

"Chief among the doctrines which our church has passed as being incorrect . . . are all those formulas which look toward a dark fatalism. . . . In my peculiar ministry a simple silence has not been sufficient. I have, therefore, at many times, declared our denomination to be simply a church of the common evangelical doctrines. . . . Against the doctrine of fatalism, against the ultra form of human inability, it has been my constant duty, as it seemed, to protest and defend our church. Next comes the overstatement of the idea of salvation by faith alone all along through Presbyterian history. In my ministry I have toiled harder to unite faith and holiness, because of this dreadful page of history. . . . The church has become a source of actual infidelity by its terrific doctrine of hell. Even to the day of Edwards, and since, the pictures of perdition have been such as at first, indeed, to frighten the multitude, but such as afterward to destroy the idea of God. . . . It is an ominous fact that the liberal creed, which the charges of this case attack, has come chiefly from that land which once lay wholly subject to the tenets of the Puritans. . . . It seems to me that the world is now fully ready for an orthodoxy that shall firmly, yet tenderly, preach all of the creed, except its plain errors and dark views of God and man. Not one of you, my brethren, has preached the dark theology of Jonathan Edwards in your whole life. Confess, with me, that our beloved church has slipped away from the religion of despair, and has come to Mount Zion, into the atmosphere of Jesus, as he was, in his life, full of love and foregiveness.

"Holding the general creed as rendered by the former New School Theologians, I will, in addition to such a general statement, repeat to you articles of belief, upon which I am willing to meet the educated world, the skeptical world, and the sinful world, *using my words in the evangelical sense:* The inspiration of the Holy Scriptures, the Trinity, the Divinity of Christ, the office of Christ as Mediator when grasped by an obedient faith, conversion by God's Spirit, man's natural sinfulness, and the final separation of the righteous and the wicked. . . . I have now read to you an outline of my public method and my Christian creed. It is for you to decide whether there is in me orthodox belief sufficient to retain me in your brotherhood. Having confessed everywhere that the value of a single life does not depend upon sectarian relations, but upon evangelical or Christian relations, I am perfectly willing to cross a boundary which I have often shown to be narrow; but, going from you, if such be your order at last, it is the evangelical gospel I shall still preach, unless my mind should pass through undreamed of changes in the future."

The trial then proceeded, Dr. George C. Noyes acting as counsel for Prof. Swing. Witnesses were examined as to the alleged confession of Swing to Collier and Savage that he was a Unitarian. The charge fell flat, and was cast aside. The case was thus narrowed to the writings of Swing, and as he had said that he used his words in the evangelical sense, the prosecution found itself in dilemma. So much so, in fact, that the case seemed entirely lost, and there was talk of quashing the indictment. Always keenly alert, Dr. Patton denied that Swing had used his words in an evangelical sense. It was a bold stroke of strategy, but, alas, it was executed in a spirit so ugly and un-Christian that it defeated its purpose. He intimated that Prof. Swing was guilty of an artful double-dealing with his hearers and with the gospel; that is, of balancing his words on a compromise line between the Liberal and Evangelical positions. These insinuations were covert, but none the less real. It became, in this way, a question of the honor of David Swing in the hidden depths of his soul, which no one impugned. Such a thrust was deemed, and justly so, a sacrilege.

As a matter of fact, Dr. Patton was as right in his position as he was wrong in his spirit. There is an evangelical spirit. Call it a faith, a feeling, a cast of mind, say that it is a matter of temperament, or of grace, it is a thing distinctly defined, or at least distinctly felt. One may be liberal, even radical, in thought, and still be evangelical in spirit, as Bushnell was, as Beecher was in his later years. This evangelical genius is profound, intense, often turbulent, and full of spiritual pain and struggle, intimate in its relations with divine things, and vivid in its sense of the horror of sin, or of the love or terror of God. Two men may use precisely the same words, and the evangelical accent can be quickly detected in one and missed in the other. This evangelical accent Swing did not have. The uplands which were the haunts of his benign spirit were far away from the *de profundus* of evangelical experience. This Dr. Patton saw, or felt, and his insight went to the core of the debate. But a thing so definite, and yet so delicate and elusive withal, cannot be argued in the heated air of a heresy

trial. Certainly Dr. Patton failed to do it, and his lack of a sweet spirit lost him the case.

Stated thus, it was a trial not so much of doctrines as of temperaments. It is unfortunate that religion should be narrowed to one type of mind or experience, into a kind of psychological sectarianism; but such was the fact. The burden borne by Luther in his cell at Erfurt, when he cried, "My sins, O my sins!" or the agony of St. Augustine, as he passed from death to life, was an unknown tongue to David Swing; as it was to Stanley, as it was to Erasmus or Colet. His own life, though shaken by sorrow, was strangely serene. It did not, as so many lives do, touch tragedy except through sympathy. He had, like Emerson, a natural difficulty in realizing the depths of human sin, which other natures know only too well. He was deeply, warmly, religious in thought and sentiment, but he was not evangelical in the strict, perhaps narrow, sense.

For the rest, the chief interest of the trial centered in a speech delivered by Swing in his own behalf. Unexpected, it was entirely impromptu, owing to the illness of his counsel. It was a masterpiece of sarcasm and irony, with good humor enough to keep the keen edges from cutting too unmercifully, but the blades flashed everywhither. There was no bitterness in it, but it was barbed to have results which the bolder attacks of passion cannot have; unique for the politeness of its contempt and unequaled for the dignity of its scorn. "You should have heard the rascal deliver it," said a friend who heard it, quoting Aeschines. The temptation is to reproduce it, but a few passages must suffice.

"I know not what may be the etiquette of the case. I do not know the exact duties of the prisoner at the bar. I thought it would be my pleasure to fulfill the words of Lucretius, 'that it is the province of some to sit upon the calm mountain summit and see the poor sailors struggling and toiling in the storm and waves' beneath; but the illness of my counsel has disturbed my repose, and has compelled me to go down into the battle-field. I shall, I hope, not be compelled to go beyond the skirmish line, for the sound of war always frightens me, especially when the war is waged for conquest, or for the extension of slavery beyond its present limits. . . . Xenophon says of Clearchus that, notwithstanding his bright armor and royal robes, yet, when the baggage wagons got tangled or stalled, he would put his own shoulder to the wheel, going himself into the mud. The theological baggage wagons upon my side of the house are blockaded today, and like the old general, willingly I descend into the mud.

"Let me ask your attention to Stuart Mill. Greeley and Chase had both died over lost honors, and in such an hour I thought it a piece of good fortune that I could hold up before the public a name that found sufficient honor and sufficient object in life in greatness of personal character. . . . God has not connected human greatness with a ballot-box. A human soul may be something to which no office can add anything, and from which no political defeat can take anything away. . . . Such a mind and such a philosophy as Mill possessed came to him through Christianity; for though he was not a Christian, yet Christianity had always been around him; had given him the entire character of the nineteenth century; just as Lady Stanhope, flying to the southland to escape England, carried with her everywhere English customs and English thought. So Mill, though an atheist, carried, in all his life, every germ of Christianity except personal belief. . . . Let us pass to the second offense: 'We know not what nor where is our God, our heaven.' The sermon was to show that moral ideas have no such definiteness as is enjoyed by mathematical ideas, and hence the debates and discords, just such as have gathered us here today. . . . The prosecutor has not arraigned me only. It is intimated in Job that no one by searching can find out God, and I shall insist upon making Job and the 97th Psalm *particeps criminis* in this case. . . . In the revised editions of the Bible, when readers shall come to my text, 'Clouds and darkness are round about him,' they will no doubt see a marginal reference, 'for refutation of this idea see Professor Patton's charges and specifications.' A young man asked a clergyman if it was possible to know all about God. The clergyman, who was a droll fellow, replied that personally he had no such knowledge, but that there was a man out in Minnesota who knew all about him. . . . My brethren, you must excuse me for treating this case with something like levity, for it has not in it to me one particle of solemnity.

"The prosecutor says I endorse Froude. This is simply nonsense. What I plead for is, that men of learning shall elaborate some theory of revelation that a young man can take to his heart, and not say when some one asks him, 'What about the 109th Psalm?' 'You go and mind your business; that is insipred' That is what I call the theory of admiration. That makes infidels. . . . The theology of my friend is nothing but the picture of an enormous power rushing into a moral world. You dare not subject his deity to any question whatever. His theology does nothing but look down to earth and say, God! God! As though God could not be thought about, or prayed to. But who this God is, how he acts, upon what basis, he dare not inquire, because it would be 'rationalism,' if he did—he so fears rationalism. . . . So with salvation by faith. You dare not ask what faith is, whether it is a natural moral excellence that has induced God to crown it with such glory. Any inquiry on that point is rationalism. . . . His theology all proceeds from God as a simple despot; mine from God as a reasonal Being.

"Although the prosecutor has made the 'accused' out to be an infidel, a Brahmin, an Evolutionist, and a Sabellian, and a Unitarian, yet the 'accused,' with all his faults upon him, can show the court a better view of providence, a more universal, a more careful and delightful Heavenly Father than the prosecutor can present. The God of my friend seems only to come to this world once in a while, and then as a clap of thunder strikes it, and then withdraws again for a thousand years. Thus he is separated from all those four thousand years between Adam and Christ, and is waked up, at last, from a long neglect, and concludes to found a religious ministry. He has limited God's special providence still more yet, to only the orthodox clergy. And then he excludes all elders as having never been called—such men as George Stuart and J. V. Farwell, and all women . . . and all revivalists, such as Moody, for I believe he is not an ordained minister. . . . My friends, when I look upon such men as Sumner and Burke and Wilberforce, and feel that they came into being only by ordinary providence or else by God's neglect—he does not know whether Lincoln was called or not; he came, perhaps, by God's neglect—and when I look upon some clergymen, and am told that these clergymen came by some miraculous method, let us pray that God may return to an *ordinary* providence hereafter.

"Again, he proved to you, by a long argument, that a Sabellian is a man who fully identifies Christ with God. The truth is, a Sabellian is, *par excellence*, a believer in the Deity of Christ. In the theology of Sabellians Christ is nothing else than the Great Father, having for the moment become the Mediator, and for the moment having become the Holy Spirit. Having toiled all that day to show that I was a Sabellian, he toiled all the next day to show that I was a Unitarian—that religion which of all others separates Jesus Christ from God. Now, my brethren, I want you, when you come to make up your verdict, not to make me both of these characters. I could bear to be either, perhaps, but I could not bear to be both."

The charges against Prof. Swing were definite; the evidence was essentially indefinite. The result was an entire acquittal, for the Presbytery was sitting as a court, and was restricted to the evidence. The proof was so inferential that the verdict, "Not Proved," was judicial and justified. He was heretical, plainly so, but not so much in his actual words as in their natural implications. He felt that he was within the margin of the permitted freedom of thought, but he did not realize how far he had drifted from the creed of his church. His hold upon the great truths was so firm that he passed into the larger faith, as it were, without knowing it. In simple truth, the jury was *particeps criminis* in the case, else acquittal would have been impossible. Some surpassed others in the gift of reticence, but the leaders had themselves slipped away from the old, dark Calvinism, perhaps unawares. Friendship, too, and the dictatorial manner of Dr. Patton had much to do with the result.

Dr. Patton asked for an appeal from the decision of the Presbytery to the Synod of Illinois North, and in an able paper set forth his reasons. Swing foresaw endless litigation, harrassing his own soul and disturb-

ing the peace of the church, and his heart sank. The church papers were bitter against him, almost brutal in their partisan rancor. He himself was weary, sick of heart and of body, and utterly discouraged. He, therefore, wrote a letter to the Presbytery asking that his name be erased from its rolls. Among other things, he said:

"Dear Brethren: I have always looked upon church relations as being not simply those of theology, but those of Christian brotherhood; and when, by degrees, under the repeated attacks of a new enemy, the feeling of brotherhood has rapidly faded away from my heart, the desire has daily increased to terminate relations which not only confer no happiness upon me, but confer power upon another to arraign me, from time to time, on some dead dogma, or over the middle of a sentence, or over some Sabellian or Mohammedan word. It can easily be seen, from the eagerness with which this adjoining synod reaches out after the battle and the nervousness which the assembly has already betrayed over the recent action of your body, that it would be only a mania for war to the knife that could induce any one to carry to those bodies a debate so radical, so sudden and so clouded by personal friendships and animosities. What the church needs now is peace, that it may think in some hours, and work for the Master in all hours. In this act I hope I do not withdraw from your gospel mission, but only from a strife forced upon you and me to our deep regret. In all your Christian labors, if there be any moment at which I can help you, count me with you as a fellow-laborer; but, when any 'accuser' looks around for a subject to be used for military purposes, will you not join me in blessing God that such a peculiar passion must at last languish for want of a victim?"

For such a man, sensitive and refined to the last degree, and held to the past by tender ties, leaving the church of his fathers was not like leaving a hotel. It was, as Beecher said at the time, like leaving the old homestead. His friends begged him not to do it, but to stand and fight not only for himself but for others. He replied: "I will not fight a battle for those things which do not interest me. I will not fight for a name; I care nothing for it. If I have a message, it will somehow reach the multitude." Temperament is a great factor in such matters. Swing was not of the stuff of which reformers are made, and he shrank from a conflict into which a less worthy man would have leaped exultingly. The liberal element in the church deplored his leaving it, as witness these words from *The Independent*: "Above all others he was the man to make the fight. His reputation is unblemished. No man was ever placed for such a struggle upon such a vantage ground. A decision affirming his good standing would have been 'light all around the sky,' and thousands who are chafing in the bonds of old-time creeds would have rejoiced in the liberty wherewith Christ makes us free."

The trial of David Swing for heresy, if it did not break his heart, it saddened his life, and left him largely without that intellectual and spiritual companionship which he enjoyed and needed. It sometimes seemed to those who met him that he was half-apologetic for his temerity in dissidence from a thing so uniformly respectable as orthodox theology; but that was only seeming. Had he remained in the church and made the fight, his name would now be in its temple of fame. Heresy-hunters may have their place in the world, set as they are for the defense of the Faith—though the Faith needs no body-guard. But they do inflict life-injury, if not death-wounds, upon some of the finest minds in the church, or drive them from it as they did Swing. Few realize how much we owe to Swing, and others like him, for the larger evangelical liberty we now enjoy. By a rare fortune, in leaving the old church Prof. Swing entered a greater field of influence and power, and did a work which, otherwise, he could not have done.

The Hereafter

Will the soul that is within us
  Live beyond the fleeting breath?
Will the story life is telling
  Still continue after death?
Go and ask the flowing river
  If returns the rising mist;
Ask the stars that shine above us,
  If at dawn they still exist.

Have our dear ones gone before us
  Left us never to return?
Have their farewells all been spoken
  Like the fires that cease to burn?
Ask the falling leaves of autumn
  If the winter will remain;
Ask the ebbing tide of ocean,
  Whether that will come again.

Were not eyes made for the daylight,
  And the ear to catch a sound?
Were the hands not made for labor,
  And the feet to touch the ground?
See the creeping things beneath us,
  Reptiles sleep till sunny spring;
Ask the shrouded chrysalis, if he shall
  Mount on buoyant wing.

Was the fin not made for water,
  And the wing for sky and air?
Was there not a foreordaining
  In all things, everywhere?
For our hunger food is plenty,
  For our thirst have we supply?
Sleep is waiting to be gracious
  To the weary drooping eye.

Can we look for signs portending
  The approach of coming day?
Can we calculate the harvest
  From the blossoms in the May?
Ne'er forgot the sun his rising,
  Nor the fruit its time to fall;
There's a time and place for all things,
  And each must fulfill its call.

Is our life for naught created,
  And a blank in wait for us?
Is not man above all creatures?
  But why we this theme discuss?
At our birth we had no bidding,
  Naught we knew of parents dear;
Yet all things for us were ready,
  Waiting arms received us here.

Shall the soul then at our dying
  Ever after cease to be?
Shall this be remuneration
  For sweet immortality?
Read in nature's open pages,
  Read in earth and sea and air;
Mansions in the great hereafter
  Ready to receive us there.

May the empty satisfaction
  Gathered from our patient strife,
May the longing, craving in us
  For a higher, better life,
Be hereafter compensated,
  Be hereafter gratified?
As the harvest follows seedtime,
  So shall we be satisfied.

STEPHEN MARION WATSON.

Trailing Arbutus

O darling thing, beloved of spring,
From Earth you lie so near,
You send us up, from perfumed cup,
The news that Spring is here.
Your trailing gown, and faint pink crown,
Lie cushioned soft on moss.
If Spring, when new, should once miss you,
What could make good the loss?

—Charlotte Chittenden.

Heaven is a height to which men climb on the deeds of this life. *—David Swing.*

Story of Dante's Divine Comedy

The poem is a vision of the Life beyond the Grave; life among the three groups of souls into which Death divides the human race,—lost souls, recovering souls, redeemed souls; life in Hell, in Purgatory, in Paradise. And as all grades of the woe, the purification, the beatitude, are result of the soul's own choice of evil or of good under the rule of Eternal Justice and Eternal Love, the poem becomes a mighty allegory: it is the Epic of the Free Soul in a Moral Universe,—as the supreme Poet of the Middle Ages conceived that universe and its all-controlling and in-forming Law.

The poem is this—for *Life*.

But more. If you cannot go to Europe, go to Dante. If you can go to Europe, go still to Dante first. In either case, go pausingly and carefully. All the religion, all the history, all the insights and the outsights, all the beauty and the terror, of Europe's Middle Age, are concentrated in Dante.

More still. When we ask, and ask ourselves again, what makes, besides all this, the poem's *charm*, what draws men so across the centuries to Dante's side, slowly we come to feel that it is largely the loveliness of Dante's love for Beatrice. It is her face in him that draws us,—draws *us* as once it drew himself; it is the loveliness of ideal human love,—love lost at last, and yet not lost, but found, in God. *That*, too, is the pilgrimage on which we follow Dante. *That* gives the poem its charm of endless Spring!

THE INFERNO.

The vision is seen by the Poet in a trance-pilgrimage through the three regions. Dante finds himself lost in the dark wood of life, and beset by wild beasts of temptation who keep him from the Holy Hill he fain would climb. The shade of Virgil is sent by Beatrice to guide him thither by another way, through the world of the dead, and teach him thus the need and process of redemption. They come to the Gate, above which are written the words, "Abandon hope, all ye who enter here!" Passing through the Gate, and traversing the outer Hell where "neutrals" live, and the Limbo where the noble heathen and babes unbaptized find weary home, they reach Hell proper with its other Circles eight. The Poet conceives Hell as an inverted cone inside the earth, with its apex at earth's center. In the descending, narrowing Circles of this pit he finds the miserable hordes, lost souls, each one in a torture mated to its sin. Sins of incontinence are punished in the upper Circles; sins of violence in the middle Circles; sins of the deliberate will, of malice, fraud and treachery he places lowest in the pit. It is an awful feat of imagination, this panoramic show of sin and the varied horror of its consequences,—a horror grimly deepened by the fact that many of the lost ones Dante greets familiarly as old acquaintances upon the streets of earth. Dante had many predecessors in this theme, but his details out-hell them all. At the very apex of Hell they find the arch-fiend, Lucifer, fixed fast in ice, munching the arch-traitor, Judas. Down his dreadful body Virgil and Dante clamber, emerging from the depths on the opposite side of earth, at the foot of the Mountain of Purgatory,—where "again they see the stars!"

THE PURGATORIO.

Purgatory is the mountain of pain and hope, whereon is enacted the drama of the soul's recovery from sin. It is the realm of spiritual struggle and ascent, and the poem accordingly begins to lighten, sweeten, echo with comforting and gladdening song. On the mountain's lower slopes, outside St. Peter's Gate, loiter the slow, unpenanced souls who only "pray that others for them pray." Once past the Gate, along and up the seven Terraces the pilgrims toil, each Terrace with its angel warder, each easier than the one below to mount, and each the plane on which one of the seven deadly sins—pride, envy, anger, sloth, avarice, gluttony and lust—dims and dies under its purifying pain, until the expiation ends in voices singing a Beatitude. The aching souls rejoice in their torment; and as each attains salvation, the whole mount trembles in a fellowship of joy. At the mountain's summit lies the Earthly Paradise, beautiful with bird-song, flowers and streams, and lovely maidens wandering by their side, and stately pageants that move gleaming through the trees (allegories of the history of Church and Empire). The Purgatorio is as full of beauty, harmony and joyous greeting as the Inferno is of horror and of shudder; and as it is the harmony of mingled pain and peace, this middle section of the poem seems throughout the most natural and charming of the three. Here in this Earthly Paradise Virgil (who is Human Wisdom) vanishes to return to his sighing Limbo, and Beatrice (the Heavenly Wisdom) descends in veils of flowers to take her place as Dante's guide. Beatrice, whom Dante on the earth had loved! Sternly she rebukes him for the unworthy life that he has led since then; and Dante, listening, melts in penitential tears. Then bathing in the mystic fountains—Lethe, that obliterates past wrong, and Eunoe, that revives all memories of good,—he stands beside her pure, "disposed to mount unto the stars!"

THE PARADISO.

The face of Beatrice, now more than ever his ideal, draws Dante swiftly upwards, the deepening smile within her eyes becoming measure of their spiritual ascent. Through the nine Heavens of Planets, Stars and Crystal Sphere they rise; motion, music, sparkling lights on every side; meeting in each Heaven spirits of higher and higher attainment,—heroes and saints well known, lovers, teachers, warriors of God, rulers and devotees. We are told that all the Blessed really dwell together, making beautiful the upper Paradise; but that they live in different degrees of joyance there according to desert, and these degrees are indicated by the Heaven below in which their spirits manifest themselves, while each one is content with its own reach of bliss. "Do ye desire a higher place?" asks Dante. "He inwills us with his will, and his will is our peace," Piccarda answers. The scenery now becomes continuous allegory. Dante, full of questions, receives many quaint solutions of the standard problems in mediæval science and theology, while he hears the outraged Heaven's reiterant condemnation of the sinful Church below.

Like a kindling sunrise the approach of the agents of man's redemption floods Beatrice's eyes with joy. Dante swoons before the glory of the Christ; but, as Christ withdraws, revives with senses keened to bear the sapphire rays of Mary. The Apostles linger,—St. Peter to examine him concerning Faith, St. James concerning Hope, St. John concerning Love; a catechism which secures us Dante's *Credo*. Still upward drawn by Beatrice's smile, he catches in her eyes reflection of a Spark Intense, circled by nine revolving haloes,—a faint fore-gleam of God amid the nine Angelic Orders. One more ascent, and they attain the Heavenly Paradise. Dante at first beholds therein Light in the form of a river, flower-banked, with river-sparkles rising, raining in among the flowers, and returning. As he drinks, power grows within his eyes, and he sees

anew: the river and the flowers and sparks become the Courts of Heaven,—become the great White Rose of the Redeemed of all the ages, rank over rank of petalled glory! And all around the Rose's heart the little children nestle who are saved.

Beatrice has vanished. St. Bernard, now at Dante's side, points to her high above in her place in the Rose; then bids him look on beauty greater still, the face of Mary. To her, the Virgin Mother, Bernard prays that Dante's eyes may be enabled to gaze upon the Primal Love, while Beatrice and all the Blessed clasp their hands in intercession. Then, lo, the Beatific Vision—Dante seeth God! "No words, no memory, can tell it. I seemed to see the universe, with all therein contained, as One—One Living Light of Love. Within the Light I seemed to see Three Circles of three colors and one size, the one reflected by the other, the third a fire breathed equally from both. In the reflected Circle I seemed to see depicted—a Face like unto our face! How the Circle and the Face accorded, I knew not; but, smitten by a flash, my will became one with it,—one with the Love that moves the Sun and Stars!"

W. C. GANNETT.

CORRESPONDENCE

The Calvin-Servetus Incident

Editor of UNITY:

In upholding against Mr. Mead that view of the Calvin-Servetus incident, which is the opinion of many unprejudiced and scholarly persons, I am at a disadvantage because I am entirely at one with him in his detestation of intolerance, while the great cloud of sickening testimonies to the bigotry and inhumanity of religious leaders in all branches of the Christian Church, which Mr. Mead's large historical knowledge enables him to adduce, threatens to obscure the point at issue between us.

Is John Calvin's intolerance and cruelty in this and other recorded instances to be lightly condoned, in view of his eminent services to religious and especially to civil liberty? Is he to be lauded as one of the greatest and noblest of men and benefactors of humanity, whose violations of charity and mercy were simply due to "the general spirit of the age," while his virtues were all his own and deserving of monuments and eulogies? Surely this is not just. If, as Mr. Mead shows, other religious reformers were equally guilty of fanaticism and cruelty, let them be held responsible for it. In each and every case they were lamentable exhibitions of human frailty and violations of Christ's spirit of mercy and tenderness. It does not extenuate John Calvin's offense to say "they all did it." So severe a logician must have known how to apply the teachings of the gospel he professed.

Calvin's first publication, indeed, which appeared at a time when the Protestants of France were suffering from fierce persecution, was an edition of Seneca's tract on Clemency, with learned annotations. Strange that one who could vindicate the sentiment of mercy where it concerned his own school of opinion yet cherished none for his opponents. I do not understand why Mr. Mead should speak with such deprecation of Servetus' harsh and abusive utterances when, on his own showing, it was a display of the "spirit of the age." But the persecuted, anguished man sent for Calvin after sentence had been pronounced and asked his pardon for his intemperate speech. Calvin would only relent if Servetus would recant his heresies. This the latter nobly refused to do, and died a martyr to individual conviction and the sacredness of conscience. His death made a profound impression and led to an agitation against Calvin within the city, as well as without it, which long disturbed the reformer, and caused him to publish an apology in the form of a justification of his conduct.

I fear that Mr. Mead in his enthusiastic admiration of Calvin's intellectual greatness and prodigious, though, as Prof. Reville points out, unintended services to civil liberty, condones far too easily certain unlovely traits of his hero's character, and those harsh, gloomy, aspects of his doctrinal teaching which reflected his own mind and cast a baleful shadow over his disciples, plunging them but too often into profound melancholy, fear and anguish, and prompting them to deeds of intolerance and cruelty. Orthodox biographers of Calvin and historians of human culture may not see anything particularly reprehensible in his course towards his unhappy victim Servetus, attributing it to that convenient scape-goat, "the spirit of his age." But if the age a man lives in is to determine and excuse his action, how are we to account for it that John Calvin could rise so high above it in other intellectual and moral concerns? If we praise him for his excellence in freeing himself from its over-influence in so many things, have we not a right to expect him to be equally independent and great in others of equal importance? And if he is not, are we not justified in holding him to account, and lamenting his short-comings and delinquencies?

This is the gist of my contention with my friend Mr. Mead. The late Moncure D. Conway told me he had spent weeks in examining the archives in Geneva which bore on John Calvin's austere and autocratic rule in that city, and had received from the impression of a harsh, joyless, stony-hearted character. His course towards a certain physician and other humanists of the city was, Conway declared, vindictive and cruel. Be this as it may, my own reading of Calvin's life and character does not fill me with unqualified admiration for him as a man or a theologian. That I do not because of this ignore his great services to the Protestant Reformation and the civil liberties of modern nations is apparent from the fact that I am a subscriber to the Calvin-Reformation Monument in Geneva, and have recently written in strong deprecation of the movement to erect a second monument to Servetus in that city. I agree with Mr. Mead that such action at the present juncture would be unwise and ungenerous. The burning of Servetus was, after all, but an incident in Calvin's heroic career, though one deeply to be deplored. It was an indelible stain on the scutcheon of Geneva. But the twenty-eight years of Calvin's rule, despite its incidental fanaticism and harshness, was a splendid and epoch-making chapter in the history of that city and of the Protestant world. To attempt to divide or divert the world's tribute to Calvinism and its heroes by inaugurating at this moment a second statue to Servetus seems inopportune, and, for Genevans, unpatriotic.

At the same time it is to be noted that the principal reason for this attempted resuscitation of Servetus' martyrdom is the attitude of depreciation assumed towards him by apologists of Calvin like Mr. Mead, and the unfortunate inscription on the existing expiatory monument in Geneva, which attributes Calvin's deed to be due to the "spirit of his age." There was a strong protest raised against this inscription at the time the expiatory monument was unveiled, and this protest has now found utterance in the plan for a second monument whose legend shall be more true to history and good morals.

Finally, my dear critic thinks me wrong in citing the great memorial to Calvinism, now in process of erection in Geneva, as an illustration of the decadence of Calvin's religious influence. I must, nevertheless, so consider it. One who is acquainted with religious conditions in Geneva at the present hour knows that this Reformation Monument is more a testimony for Protestant principles against the recent alarming influx of Roman Catholics from adjacent France, and the still more disturbing agitation of free-thinkers opposed to the State (Protestant) Church, than a tribute to John Calvin. In any case, it is less John Calvin's religion than his services to civil liberty and free church government which are thus to be honored. Nowhere (except in the Andover School) is Calvinism more dead than in Geneva. Calvin's University is controlled by modern and scientific principles. The Theological Seminary he founded to perpetuate his doctrine, and which was as the apple of his eye, has repudiated his theology, and is mildly orthodox, or Unitarian, in opinion. It is precisely these liberal professors who first proposed and made feasible the projected monument to Calvin; not in order to preserve or glorify his doctrines, but as a tribute to his services, as a testimony to the Reformation movement, and an offset to the admirable spirit of their more orthodox brethren in rearing the expiatory monument to Servetus the year previous.

As for Theodore Parker's religious influence, to which Mr. Mead refers—that great thinker once said "the religion I preach will be the religion of enlightened men for the next thousand years." Mr. Mead would probably agree in general with this affirmation of a lofty Theism as the universal religion of mankind. Prof. Pfleiderer, the eminent German historian of religion, in an address before the Boston Congress of Religious Liberals, declared that Mr. Emerson's religious philosophy, to which Parker's closely approximated, was likely to be in essentials the ultimate faith of mankind. But can Mr. Mead claim as much for Calvinism as it was taught by its founder?

In conclusion, while I would deprecate that wholesale condemnation of John Calvin often shown by religious free thinkers, and which led Col. Ingersoll to declare in one of his lectures—"I hate Calvin living, I hate him dead"—I would equally protest against too light an estimate of these charges of fanaticism and vindictiveness which may be brought against him. His was not an attractive personality, but "God makes even the wrath of man to praise him." In memory of his illustrious services to the modern world in the critical hours when it was being born, and with large-hearted liberality, let us unite in the tribute of our Genevan friends to the heroic characters and epoch-making deeds of their local religious history.

CHAS. W. WENDTE.

On Becoming Superfluous

There is a tree on the street where I live which has outgrown and burst wide open the wire cage that protected it from good horses and bad boys. Without that strong defense the tree would have been chewed to a pulp, cut to pieces, or uprooted; and by enabling it to become capable of self-support, the frame rendered itself useless!

Upon that rusty, shattered cage I bestowed a more than passing thought of commiseration, which, upon analysis, I found to be nothing more nor less than self-pity! For I perceived that here was the story of everyone who envelops any individual with his protecting arms or upholds any doctrine or institution with his broad shoulders and strong back! Such is the destiny of the parent! Fathers and mothers shield, support, and guide the little child at first, only to render themselves the most worthless of superfluities at the last, while the teacher and the preacher, the philosopher and the reformer, travel the same thorny road. What is the pathetic story of their sacrificial endeavors, if it is not that of sustaining the trembling footsteps of their followers and beneficiaries, only to see them at last start off and run alone, unmindful of their guides?

Is it not also the history of institutions as well as people? The little red schoolhouse, the village academy, and even the great university have achieved their missions by rendering themselves of no further account to their pupils!

What must we think then? Is this to be the testing of all institutions, what so ever? Is it toward this unexpected goal that all governments are painfully wending their way?

The garret in the old homestead is full of startling intimations that such is the destiny of all utilities. Here is an old flint-lock musket which defended the log cabin from the Indians, only to find itself carried up the back stairs to the lumber room, after it had made itself unnecessary! Speak up, little cradle, and tell the story of your imaginary wrongs! Grieving, are you, because the baby forgot you when it outgrew you? Spinning-wheel, loom, rope-bedstead, andirons, —all join the melancholy chorus of complaint.

But why complain? Is it not the manifest destiny of all things, institutions, people, and even of the globe itself?

Looked at as a universal law and principle, this is not so terrible! Let us but make it the corner-stone of our philosophy, that the noblest achievement of man is to render himself superfluous at the earliest possible moment, and what is otherwise a despair becomes a glory and a victory.—*Charles Frederic Goss, D. D., in Interior.*

UNITY'S THIRTIETH REGIMENT

Pledges for Thirty Dollar Subscriptions to the Unity Endowment Fund

(Continued from last week.)

From a Faithful Reader. We thoroughly appreciate such reading as it affords our family. When it falls into my hands each week I am never so busy but I can take a moment to read the thought in poem or prose on the outside cover—then I turn to the first page, where I find, always, an inspiring line —later I look it over in full and often read aloud for the benefit of all in our household.

From a Chicago Friend. For nearly twenty years it has come into our home, a great inspiration and welcome messenger of the real and best things.

FROM A MINISTER, SEATTLE, WASH.:
Now that I am so far away, I feel more and more the need of my inspiring UNITY.

FROM OAKDALE, CAL.:
I thank you all very much for UNITY; it has been a great help and comfort to have it. I feel lost without it. Please send it to my present address.

FROM AUBURN, R. I.:
Strenuous exertions after the material things make a good many forget our duty regarding things of more uplifting character and permanent utility. This is a reason, not an excuse, for my failure to keep my subscription to UNITY in proper condition. UNITY gives me more pleasure and encouragement than any other investment I make. I am ashamed to be behind in the payment of my legal obligations.

THE WATCH TOWER

Watchman, tell us of the night;
What its signs of promise are!

The Week

Secretary Taft in Chicago.

The genial Secretary of War made a whirlwind descent upon Chicago last week, Friday, and was subjected to two days of what he called "ferocious entertainment." Mr. Taft has a good constitution, however, and seemed to enjoy his multitudinous engagements. Friday night he spoke at some length on the Philippines before the Chicago Baptist Social Union, and later the same evening addressed the Hamilton Club informally. Saturday was for him a round of sightseeing and receiving until evening, when he addressed the Chicago Commercial Club on foreign trade. The secretary's visit had no political significance, nor would he commit himself by a syllable on the subject of politics; but the deep underlying popular interest in all that Mr. Taft said and did evidenced unmistakable approval of the fact, now quite generally conceded, that Mr. Taft outdistances all Republican competitors in the nomination race.

Booker Washington Visits Chicago.

The counter attractions of Mr. Taft and the world's championship wrestling match the same evening did not prevent a large and representative audience from hearing the noted president of Tuskegee Institute at Orchestra Hall on Friday evening of last week. Mr. Washington's story is always worth hearing. The great work he is doing looking toward the amelioration of the colored race is becoming recognized more and more. His common sense methods of referring the negro back to the soil, primarily, of educating his hand, of training him to become a thrifty, useful citizen, and to hold social and political questions in abeyance for the present,—meet with the approbation everywhere of students of social and economical problems. Mr. Washington is ripening with the years into one of the foremost of our American educators.

Chicago's Aldermanic Elections.

By the time this is in print, local elections in Chicago will be matters of history. In the Sixth, Eighth, Twenty-fifth and Thirty-second wards more than ordinary feeling has been aroused in the selection of aldermen. The Municipal Voters' League has confined its activities largely to these centers, and here the turmoil is greatest. In matters municipal it is almost an axiom nowadays that political affiliation with the national parties shall not count. What the community wants for municipal legislators and executives are men of efficiency and character, and not men who owe allegiance to any party machine, or who have political debts to pay after their elevation to office. In our city elections the voter who is governed by his conscience, who is not infected with the virus of partisanship, and does not for party purposes "sickly o'er" with the pale veneer of quasi fitness the character of an unfit candidate for office, is the voter who has the civic weal most at heart.

New British Premier.

The British political world has become the scene of one of those changes which are of great moment in the English form of government. The Premier has resigned. Mr. Campbell-Bannerman, by reason of ill-health and advancing years, has been compelled to relinquish the duties of his position. For some time it has been known that Bannerman's condition was precarious, and the change has been discounted to some extent, but the shock to the commonwealth caused by the definite announcement is still severely felt. The situation is further complicated by the absence of King Edward in Europe and the departure to confer with the King of the Premier-to-be, Mr. Herbert Asquith, now Chancellor of the Exchequer. Mr. Asquith's departure leaves the Government party without a leader and the House of Commons powerless to transact business.

Bannerman is regarded as a statesman of the highest and best type, and his enforced retirement is a matter of universal regret. Mr. Asquith seems to be a natural leader of men, and falls naturally into the nation's highest and most honorable position by virtue of sheer ability, personal power and well tried qualities of statesmanship.

Chancellor Day.

What the newspapers are wont to term "pyrotechnic stunts" seems to characterize fitly though picturesquely the public utterances of Chancellor Day. If the Chancellor, whose place at the head of a university connates dignity and reserve, were to resign and become a popular lecturer or even to pose as a humorist, the public would think no less of him. His published speeches nowadays seem to be out of character. While his gibes and witticisms might have some point emanating from a less honorable source, they serve only to demean a university president. His diatribes against the administration, his undignified method of treating the weaknesses and foibles of society, savor of the sensation-monger and not of the educator.

By Trolley to New York.

A prominent Chicago newspaper sent one of its staff a little over a week ago on a trolley exploring trip for the purpose of determining if it is possible to get to New York from Chicago by the use of the interurban trolley only. This correspondent's experiences have been interesting as showing the wonderful progress made in recent years in the development of these 'cross country lines. For long distances the trolley cannot yet displace the more direct steam railroad, but in the matter of opening up country districts and bringing them into intimate relations with the more populous centers, the trolley has come into its own, indisputably. The correspondent spent for fares no more than would be required for the average trip to New York by steam, but his journey was over twelve hundred miles long and of eight days' duration. One or two gaps in Indiana and New York had to be bridged by steam.

Tragedy and Folly in High Life.

The affairs of Mme. Gould and her Gallis princeling, the Vanderbilt scandal, and young Mrs. Thaw's conduct still continue to engage the attention of newspaper reporters. As long as newspaper readers are psychologically constructed as they are, and so long as more vital reading matter is not crowded out thereby, we must expect such reportorial flotsam and jetsam to appear in our journals.

A Sane Plea.

In the current *Atlantic* appears an article entitled "The Social Disability of the Jew," which strikes more deeply at the root of the causes of the Jewish race prejudice than anything of its kinds heretofore in print. Dr. Kuh, the author, and a Chicago physician, is a keen analyst and discerner of facts and causes. He has handled his subject in a masterly and thoroughly impassioned manner. His attitude is not one of defense, which so often fails to awaken any response, but of calm and sane consideration of facts. The suggestions he makes as to remedy are kindly and practical, and his appeal to the common sense of the Jew in the matter of manners, education and race evolution, and to the Christian ethics of the Gentile, bears witness to the catholicity of his mind and to his remarkable insight in getting at the true fundamentals of a delicate problem.

Lawson's Advertising.

If the judgment of the financial commentators is correct, Mr. Lawson sheared many innocent lambs again through his lurid and Lawsonesque—the adjective deserves a place in the nomenclature of today—advertising heart-to-heart talks with his "dear people" a few days ago. Contrary to his expectation, doubtless, "Yukon" sold away off shortly after the innocents purchased, and now Mr. Lawson essays to explain and promises to make good. Very few wolves can manage a sheepskin cleverly twice in succession.

Carnegie Pension Fund.

Mr. Carnegie has generously increased the scope of his teachers' pension fund by contributing five millions of dollars more, and extending its application to cover instructors and professors in state universities. This was done through the urgent appeal of a large body of state university teachers. Mr. Carnegie stipulates, however, that before the funds can apply to any state institution, that institution must obtain the consent of the legislature and governor of the state in which it is located.

P. S. W.

The Mayflower

Pink, small and punctual,
Aromatic, low,
Covert in April,
Candid in May,

Dear to the moss,
Known by the knoll,
Next to the robin
In every human soul.

Bold little beauty,
Bedecked with thee,
Nature foreswears
Antiquity.

—*Emily Dickinson.*

THE HOME

(Contributions for this department should be sent to Mrs. William Kent, Kentfield, Marin Co., California.)

Helps To High Living

SUN.—There is a Soul at the center of Nature and over the will of every man, so that none of us can wrong the Universe.

MON.—If we thought that men were free in the sense that, in a single exception, one fantastical will could prevail over the law of things, it were all one as if a child's hand could pull down the sun.

TUES.—If in the least particular one could derange the order of Nature,—who would accept the gift of life?

WED.—That which befits us, embosomed in beauty and wonder as we are, is cheerfulness and courage, and the endeavor to realize our aspirations.

THURS.—Shall not the heart, which has received so much, trust the Power by which it lives?

FRI.—May it not quit other leadings, and listen to the Soul that has guided it so gently and taught it so much, secure that the future will be worthy of the past?

SAT.—Let us build altars to the Beautiful Necessity, which rudely or softly educates man to the perception that there are no contingencies; that Law rules throughout existence; a Law which is not intelligent but intelligence, not personal but impersonal.

A Night Etching

A world of groping shadows vast and vague;
Above, the vault unstudded by a star,
A mighty and mysterious gulf of gloom.
A low wind moaning like a restless soul;
Save this no sound, but everywhere a sense
Of stealthy presences, forms of the void
As immaterial as the shapes of dream.
Then suddenly a stabbing shaft of gold
Piercing the blackness, and the hurried throb
Of human footsteps; then a woman's voice
Vibrant with joy, and from a wide-flung door,
Unhesitant, the outstretched arms of Love!

—*Clinton Scollard.*

The Water Garden

Little Nancy Horton lay in the high, four-poster bed in her grandmother's best bedroom. She had come with her father and mother and Brother Laurence to spend the holidays in the country with Grandmother Horton. Nancy, who loved to do daring things, had slid down the banister of the steep staircase and landed at the bottom with a broken leg. That was the reason she was in bed this bright morning.

As soon as Nancy was well enough, papa, mama and Laurence had gone home, leaving her in the care of grandmother and Aunt Lois. The days were long for little Nancy, and Aunt Lois had hard work sometimes to keep her amused and from getting homesick.

The door opened, and Aunt Lois came in with a glass jar, in which were some twigs and branches.

"See," she said, holding up the jar, "I've brought you a country winter bouquet."

"I don't think it's very pretty, Aunt Lois," said Nancy, not very politely.

"But see these tiny brown tassels hanging from these stems. They are alder tags, and this twig that looks as if it had dark red bugs along it is from a pussy-willow, and this knobby branch with bunches is wild cherry. This stick with what looks like clusters of dead flowers is a witch-hazel. Why, here is a little nut the squirrels didn't find. Doesn't this end of it look like the pictures of witches' faces in your fairy book? That is the reason it is called witch-hazel. This twig is the real hazel, and these tufts of brown, scalloped leaves are where the hazelnuts grew. This yellow twig is a willow, and this one with white specks all over it is a white birch."

Nancy became quite interested in the bouquet, for she had never seen some of the things in it. When she became tired of looking at it, her aunt set it on a stand near the window. Some days later Aunt Lois read Nancy a fairy-story about a wishing-cap.

"I wish I had a traveling-carpet, or a wishing-cap, or a magic glass," said Nan. "If I had a magic glass I could look in it and see what everybody was doing. Why don't we have magic glasses now?"

"Perhaps I can get you a magic glass," said Aunt Lois, "but now it is time for your after-dinner nap."

When Nancy awakened, the winter bouquet stood on the stand by her bedside. Her eyes opened wider and wider as she looked at it.

"Come quick, Aunt Lois!" she called, and as her aunt hurried into the room Nan pointed at the bouquet. "Just look! The little alder tassels are getting all yellow and the pussy-willow bugs have white heads on them. Are they alive, aunty?"

"Yes," said Aunt Lois, "and they have begun to grow in the water. And now I have a new play for you. You are to be Princess—what?"

"Geraldine; let me be Geraldine."

"You are Princess Geraldine, then, and I am a fairy who must obey you. What shall be my name?"

"You tell, aunty. You always think of things."

"Why, that's a good name for me, Nan—Fairy Think-o'-Things. Now you must say, "Ho, Fairy Think-o'-Things, bring me my magic glass!"

Princess Geraldine gave the order, and Fairy Think-o'-Things brought a small leather box, and when the princess opened it, there was a small glass in a black frame.

"Next," said Fairy Think-o'-Things, "you must ask for the winter bouquet. But what shall we call it?"

"A garden! A garden!" cried Nan, excitedly. "A water-garden! Ho, Fairy Think-o'-Things, bring me my enchanted water-garden!"

The fairy brought the invalid's table to the bed, set the enchanted water-garden on it, and handing the princess the magic glass, bade her look into the garden.

"Oh! oh!" cried the princess. "The pussies' heads are all soft white fur like Fluff's, and, Fairy Think-o'-Things, the tassels have layers like the cones on our pine-tree, and they are opening—and yellow powder is coming out. Oh, this is a truly magic glass, and in it I can see what is happening in my enchanted garden!"

Three or four times every day the princess called the fairy to bring the magic glass and the water-garden, and each time she looked through the glass she saw new things happening. The pussies all came out of their brown sheaths, and grew till they were long and silky. Little pink tufts popped out on the alder twigs, the dried flowers on the witch-hazel began to turn green, and the willow put forth silky green leaves.

One morning the pussy-willows were all covered with yellow, and when the princess looked at them through her magic glass she said they were just like yellow flowers on long white stems, growing up from a bed of white moss.

"Princess Geraldine," said Fairy Think-o'-Things, "the birthday of Prince Laurence comes next week. Would you like to send him a bundle of sticks and a magic glass for a birthday present?"

"Oh, oh, how splendid!" cried the princess, clapping her hands. "Then he can have an enchanted garden, too. You do think of such lovely things, Aunt Lois! I'm almost glad I broke my leg, for if I hadn't maybe I'd never found my dear Fairy Think-o'-Things."—*Elizabeth Flint Wade.*

PUBLISHED WEEKLY **UNITY** ESTABLISHED 1878

The Unity Publishing Company
Abraham Lincoln Centre

Entered at Chicago, Ill., Postoffice as Second Class Matter.

$2.00 PER ANNUM

SENIOR EDITOR.....JENKIN LLOYD JONES
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THE WATCH TOWER:
C. A. Osborne Willard B. Thorp Payson S. Wild

"Entered as Second-Class Matter January 12, 1899, at the Postoffice at Chicago, Illinois, under act of March 3, 1879.

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THE FIELD

"The World is my Country, to do good is my Religion."

Foreign Notes

THE WALDENSIAN CHURCH IN ITALY.—Last June I gave in these columns an Waldensian colony not far from Asheville, North Carolina. This past month, but for Mr. Jones' absence from the city, we might have had the opportunity to hear at Lincoln Center the Rev. V. Alberto Costabel, representative of the Waldensian Evangelization Committee, tell in eloquent, yet direct and simple, fashion of the present status of that small, historic body of Christians, which our own Edward Everett Hale made so real for us in his perennially popular Christmas story, "In His Name." Mr. and Mrs. Costabel have been some weeks in the city, and he has been heard in various churches, though owing to the illness of Dr. Vance, president of the Chicago Waldensian Aid Society, and, as already mentioned, to Mr. Jones' absence, he was not able to deliver his message to as many Chicagoans as he had hoped. Listening to him last Sunday evening, I kept wishing more UNITY readers in mind and subsequently offered this Foreign Notes corner for some retelling of his story. Regretting that his departure from Chicago and his numerous engagements would not permit him to write anything for us himself, Mr. Costabel gladly and promptly sent me a budget of printed material from which I glean as follows:

The Vaudois, or Waldenses, are a small community, numbering not more than twenty-five thousand people, mostly peasants, who live in the northwestern corner of Italy, in the Waldensian valleys of the Cottian Alps. It is not known whether these people originally fled, as primitive Christians, from the persecutions of Nero, as some traditions claim; but it is known that they were the first to protest against the errors of the Church of Rome. Their church, comparatively insignificant though it be, *is the oldest evangelical church in Europe.* Dr. Hale's story deals only with that period of its history connected with the life and teachings of Peter Waldo and the "Poor men of Lyons, and the beginnings of the persecutions inflicted upon them in the twelfth century." In spite of over thirty periods of cruel persecutions and martyrdom which followed at intervals during the next six centuries, they kept the light of the Gospel shining through all the surrounding darkness. When the reformation dawned, the reformers of France, Switzerland and Germany were amazed to discover that a little people, hidden away among the recesses of the Alps, had for ages past possessed the light which only then was bursting on other parts of Europe. In the thirteenth, fourteenth and fifteenth centuries, they succeeded in planting their congregations in Italy, France, Germany and Holland, and this in spite of restrictions and laws which made them outcasts in their own land. Their pastors were not allowed to sleep out of their own parishes under pain of imprisonment. The learned professions could only be practiced within their own valleys, which are about twenty miles long and sixteen wide. Their children could be seized on slight pretexts and sent to convents to be educated.

The 17th of February, 1848, saw the end of their bondage. The edict of emancipation of King Charles Albert gave them at last the rights of free citizens in their own country—1860 saw Italy united under King Victor Emanuel, with the exception of Venice and Rome, which came into the union in 1866 and 1870.

As soon as the way was open, the Waldenses, always zealous in missionary work, began to make use of their liberty to bring to their fellow-countrymen the treasure handed down to them by their forefathers, their field of operation growing with the growth of Italy.

In 1860 they transferred their theological seminary to Florence, so that the northern accent of their students should acquire the classic smoothness of the Tuscan, and become more acceptable to their fellow-citizens of the whole Kingdom.

In 1870, when the Italian soldiers entered Rome through the breach of Porta Pia, a Waldensian colporteur entered with them, Bible in hand, and a few days later a Waldensian pastor preached the first evangelical sermon delivered in the Eternal City, after the proclamation of the infallibility of its pope-king.

In 1848 the Waldenses numbered in their own valleys, 15 parishes and 16 pastors; in 1907, they have 103 pastors, working in Italy and out of it. As Dr. Hale long ago pointed out, they are, in proportion to their numbers, the most active missionary church in the world, and it is for the furtherance of their missionary enterprises that they ask the sympathy and aid of Christians elsewhere, not for themselves, as their own churches are all self-supporting.

The work is carried on under the direction of the Board of Evangelization, the president of which, Rev. Arturo Muston, resides in Rome, as does one of his colleagues. Five other members reside in Turin, Genoa, Milan, Naples and Palermo respectively, each superintending one of the five districts into which the field is divided.

Since they appeal to the Christians of other lands for funds, the question is naturally asked, What sacrifices are the Italian brethren making on their own account? The report of progress issued in December, 1907, gives some figures and facts in reply.

"The 6,708 members of our mission churches have this year contributed for our different schemes in Italy 87,523.51 francs (nearly $17,500), that is to say, upward of 13 francs each. This we regard as very fair, considering that the majority of our brethren belong to the class of agricultors and other laborers.

"One widow in Girgenti (Sicily), feeling herself getting old and wishing that her contribution should be continued after her death, has invested 1,000 francs ($200) for this object.

"At Sampierdarena a workman who during more than fifteen years has saved about 8,000 francs ($1,600), has made over this amount to us, in order that the interest may help us to begin a work of evangelization in his native village in Liguria." There are more interesting illustrations than I have room to quote.

M. E. H.

A Book of the Fourth International Congress of Religious Liberals

Freedom and Fellowship in Religion

A full record of the proceedings, addresses, and papers of the International Congress of Religious Liberals in Boston, September 22-27, 1907.

EDITED BY

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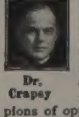

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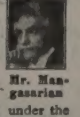

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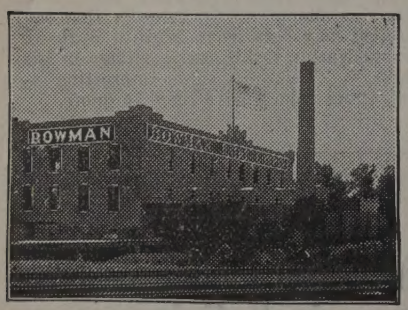

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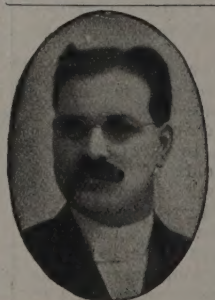

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